

# The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1865.

NUMBER 24.

## Holt County Sentinel.

**CHAS. W. BOWMAN.**  
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

**Terms—In Advance:**  
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SPECIAL attention given to the treatment of all diseases of the Eye. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.  
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WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.  
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**T. W. COLLINS.**  
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Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware.  
je80-ly

**COX & DILL.**  
DEALERS IN  
Drugs and Groceries,  
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DESIRE to inform the public of Monroe City, and vicinity, that they have just opened a large stock as above, which they offer at the lowest possible figures.  
118 ly

### Price House.

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The citizens of the county and the traveling public are informed that this house is still open and in good repair, with accommodations for the comfort of boarders and travelers. The house has with it a good stable for horses and a lot for teams and loose stock. Thankful for past and present patronage I solicit a share in the future.  
123-ly

## CITY HOTEL.

MARY A. KEEVES & D. W. MARTIN, Prop'rs.  
Oregon, Missouri.  
THIS house has a superior location, being within two minutes walk of the post office and court house; is on a main street running east and west. It has recently changed proprietors and has undergone a thorough renovation and refitting, thus making it one of its apartments to any first class hotel in the west. The tables will always be filled with the best market affords. There is a stable, well furnished and convenient connected with the house.  
118 if

**GEO. P. LUCKHARDT.**  
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I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as  
AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES,  
&c., &c.,  
Taken in a superior manner, and at  
Low Prices.  
nl-ly

**CHRISTIAN KRAUS.** ALBERT ROECKER.  
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BREWERS,  
FOREST CITY - - - MISSOURI.

HAVING enlarged their Brewery, they are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired. Come and try it.  
n19-6m

## NEW HARNESS SHOP!

Harness and Saddles  
Manufactured to Order  
AND  
Warranted.  
C. J. HART & CO.,  
Have Established Themselves at  
FOREST CITY, MO.

WHERE they propose to furnish the good people of this section with  
ALL KINDS OF SADDLERY GOODS  
AS  
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!  
They respectfully invite all wishing anything in their line to call.

**Harness, Saddles, Buggy Whips.**  
Two and Four Horse Whips!  
and everything in the  
FURNISHING LINE.  
n14 3m

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FORTY different styles, adapted to sacred and secular music, for \$80 to \$300 each. THIRTY-FIVE GOLD or SILVER MEDALS, or other first premiums awarded them. Illustrated catalogue free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MARION BROTHERS, New York. 118-ly

FOR Good Pictures go to Luckhard's Gallery.

### AFOOT.

If life's a journey—as we see  
This indeed, by many a taken—  
Oh, then, I throw the road will be  
Not always smooth or always broken.  
But march we over rugged stone,  
Or march we over trodden gravel,  
With friends around us or, all alone,  
We must keep moving on our travel.  
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,  
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.  
If we find  
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

Many a path will seem more plain,  
Many a knave will lie and cozen;  
But hold these things own with might and main,  
And keep the track that thou hast chosen.  
It's in the light and in the dark,  
It's over hill and through hollow;  
We'll fix our eyes upon the mark,  
And if we cannot lead, we'll follow.  
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,  
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.  
If our strength  
Should fail at length,  
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

The horseman and the charioteer  
Go bustling by with mighty clatter;  
God speed them all! and if they jeer  
The tramps afoot, what does it matter?  
Grudge them not the present hour,  
Nor faint and morn for a craven,  
For when the day has lost its power,  
There is for all a common haven.  
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,  
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.  
At the light  
Dies down to-night,  
A steadfast heart will keep us going.  
—Cassell's Family Paper.

### TO MY OWN LOVE.

The following, from the Louisville Journal, though published some years ago, has lost none of its brilliancy and sensual richness of expression:  
There's not a human murmur on the air,  
It is the silent hush of midnight's hour,  
And all around me 'neath sleep's downy wing  
Are calmly resting now. My yearning soul  
Is sighing, weeping for thee, dearest. Come,  
And mingle with its tears, and sighs, and throbs,  
All that are gushing, swelling in thine own,  
Wrought by the fever of a passion high  
Pulsating in its depths. Come to me, love,  
Close, close beside me. Dearest, thou art here,  
And every wild emotion of my heart,  
Waked by love's power, rises in joy;  
And tears, sighs, and throbbings now  
From grief to gladness, from despair to bliss,  
To overflows of a deep and keen  
And dear, delicious rapture.

Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,  
And let me faintly nestle on thy heart.  
Then turn those soul lit eyes on me and press  
My panting lips to taste the ecstasy  
Imparted by each long and lingering kiss.  
Ah, now now I am listening to the music sweet,  
The burning melody of the dear voice,  
Whose every word with fiery impulses  
Upon my spirit's trembling chords; intense,  
Unutterable feeling struggles there.  
Bend thy ear low unto my trembling lips,  
And I will softly whisper to thy heart,  
What in this hour of sweet bewildering bliss  
Thou art to me. It is thy own dear bride  
That calls thee, dearest husband.

Ah, my own,  
Is it not boundless, nameless, maddening joy  
To our linked hearts to revel in the deep,  
The wild excess of passion uncontrolled,  
In its exhaustless, irresistible  
Outpourings of delight and ecstasy?  
LOUISA.

### ONCE—ALL THE TIME.

You ask me, love, how many times  
I think of you a day;  
I frankly answer, only once,  
And mean just what I say.  
You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt  
But wait and hear the rhyme;  
Pray, how can one do more than once,  
What one does all the time?  
What one does all the time?

ENCOURAGE home institutions, home business, home manufacturers, home papers, and home itself. Don't run after foreign goods, just because they are foreign, and when you can buy just as well and cheaply at home. Sell your produce, your butter—all you have to sell—to home purchasers. Patronize your own mechanics, craftsmen and professional men, and don't be hangers on and dependents on other cities. Take your home newspaper; it informs you of home interests, in which you are immediately concerned, and by giving it a liberal support in the way of advertising, etc., you enable the proprietors to give you a better paper. In short, spend your money at home, and assist in building up your own city and section of country. If you don't patronize home institutions, don't grumble if home institutions don't patronize you.

SPRINKLING FACTS.—that whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and almshouses. The brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.  
That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.  
That ale causes many ailments; while beer brings many to the beer.  
That champagne is the cause of many real pains.  
That gin slings have "slewed" more than a slings of old.

SPEAKING, yes, like speaking tongues, should be careful not to speak too loud.

### MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I have lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage, after I had lured him on to a declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Captain Elliott, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me.

Mr. James Frazer warned me against Elliott; but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult. A few days afterwards Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to me in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not to be so miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good circumstances, but having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature—hating trouble and willing to take things just as they happened to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Captain Elliott; but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was a captain he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and at India and won medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he certainly was the handsomest, officer in it.

I remember well the day we were engaged. He was on duty; but he had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma," he hastened to her—returned in three minutes, and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given.

My mother hated trouble, and she, moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully as I have said; and at the expiration of this there might have been seen an equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliott and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful Bess. Captain Elliott was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward, and silent James Frazer. His presence marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliott, who wished himself a knight and me a fair lady of olden time that he might go forth to do battle and compel all men to acknowledge the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it has promoted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to and believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to a test.

A shot rang through the woods and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had not power to check her, and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to the mane and bridle, and wonder hopelessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them.

I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me; I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead, and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until days afterward, I awoke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliott again. The last words I heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. The last action in connection with mine was to follow in the train of frightened youths that rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the bed of the shallow river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its banks, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last it was known that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliott departed from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor send any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me, that in my altered circumstances, our engagement must come to an end, but from his own sense of honor (his honor?) he wrote to say that while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it at once, and thus ended my brief dream of a romantic wedding.

I heard ere this of Elliott's cowardly conduct on that day; but now I first brought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and been the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me. His had been the hand that had sent the rare flowers that had decked the room, his were the lips that had breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother, his were the books that I read during the days of my convalescence; and his now the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather, he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation, that in denying physical perfection, the soul is not marred or dwarfed by petty vanity, or love of the world's praise.

### Meerschaum.

This is a German word, and means sea-foam, that is, the color of the sea foam. The idea that the pipes by that name are made out of sea-foam, or anything like it, is erroneous. Meerschaum is a mineral proper, found in the serpentine, or magnesian rock. It occurs chiefly at the head of the Mediterranean, where it is dug out of its native bed, and sent to Europe in blocks or rude pipes. It is of a white or whitish color. The brown or reddish cast is obtained by saturating it with oil or wax. Meerschaum is composed of flint, (silica) magnesia, and carbon—the carbon and flint in an oxidized state. It is soft and porous. Its porosity gives it its property as a pipe, absorbing by it the poisonous qualities of the smoke. It is however inferior to a clay pipe in this respect, but better than the briar pipe, which is next to it. There is one fault with the Meerschaum pipe—the bowl is too short. Tobacco itself is an absorber of the poisonous properties of the smoke—and when this smoke passes through tobacco, as it will in a long bowl—the column of tobacco in it being long—it will become purified, precisely in the way it does in a cigar. The first half of the cigar affords harmless smoking, the latter half less and less so till the poisoned stump remains. So with tobacco in the bowl of a pipe. A long bowl puts it in the form of a cigar. The first smoking is the best (as every smoker knows is the case with pipe-smoking) especially if the distance through the tobacco is great. One

should always stop smoking when the tobacco is half out. The remainder is permeated with the poison—and in that is the hurt we get from smoking.

### Worth Remembering.

1. It is unwise to change to cooler clothing, except when you get up in the morning.
2. Never ride with your arm or elbow outside any vehicle.
3. The man who attempts to alight from a steam car while in motion is a fool.
4. In stepping from any wheeled vehicle while in motion, let it be from the rear, and not in front of the wheel for then, if you fall, the wheels cannot run over you.
5. Never attempt to cross a road or a street in a hurry in front of a passing vehicle; for if you should stumble or slip, you will be run over. Make up the half minute lost by waiting until the vehicle has passed, by increased diligence in some other direction.
6. If you want to sleep well at night avoid sleeping a moment during daylight.
7. It is miserable economy to save time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep.
8. If you find yourself inclined to wake up at a regular hour in the night and remain awake, you can break up the habit in three days, by getting up as soon as you wake, and not going to sleep again until your usual hour for retiring; or retire two hours later and rise two hours earlier for three days in succession; nor sleeping a moment in daytime.
9. If infants and young children are inclined to be wakeful during the night or very early in the morning, put them to bed later, and besides, arrange that their day may be in the forenoon.
10. Drop yourself to the ground from the rear of any vehicle when the horses are running away, if you must get out at all.
11. If you are conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, for words increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage.
12. If a person "faints," place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head, and it is easier for the heart to throw it in a horizontal line than perpendicularly.
13. If you want to get instantly rid of a beastly surfeit, put your fingers down your throat until free vomiting is produced, and then eat nothing for ten hours.
14. Feel a noble pride in living within your means, then you will not be hustled off to a cheerless hospital in your last sickness.
15. If you would live to a purpose, and live long, live industriously, regularly, all the while maintaining "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man."

### Truth in Courtship.

Be true to your lover. I don't mean to stick to him, but don't deceive him. Let him know what of a person you really are. Tell each other your faults, make known your real opinions, state your views of married companions. Despise and abjure the humbugging which is almost universal among lovers. Girls, keep out of sight their failings, and do their best to cause their beaux to think them angels, and men bow like slaves to every wish or whim of their lady loves, and seem but to live but to make them happy. Now that is not as it ought to be; it will not be so after marriage. The woman will grow weary of acting her prettiest, and the man will not endure all sorts of inconveniences, and submit to all sacrifices to please the woman who is securely his own.

It is the dearest pleasure of every true woman to obey and make happy the man she loves, if he is kind and reasonable, but how much better it would be to teach the sweetheart as to her true position. I won't say any more to the girls, for as they have to be weaned and won, and as they have fewer chances than the men have, there is more excuse for them to put the best side out; only let them strive to keep it out, and we have no further controversy with them. But the men are without excuse for holding out such pretences as they do. Cruel, because the pain which the woman will feel when all his subservience and preference to her is withheld, will be in proportion to the pleasure with which it is received; unwise, because it may be such a shock to her as to cause her resolutely to rebel, or silently cease to love. In either case, thousands will be sorely punished for so long ignoring their just relations to each other.